

EVEN-LIGHT.

On the even sides of wonder
How dark and gloomy
And the dying day went under
In its purple shadowed ground:

But the cloud rose higher, half red
Blaze across the pale blue
Shadow now no more, but fire
Bully flash and amber hue.

What if it should be God's doing
Like the shadow in the west.
If the cloud of double arising
Take more sunlight on its breast.

—Maggie of Art.

A COLORED CAMP MEETING.

Weird Scenes at a Religious Gathering
in North Carolina.

All preliminaries having been settled, the first minister ordered all to fall in for the march "two by two, preachers in front, men together, women together." Instantly there was a stir among the people. The platform was vacated, its occupants moving by couples outside the arbor. The others followed, a promiscuous throng, old and young, all with preternaturally solemn visages. Old men leaning on sticks, girls with little forms arrayed in gay colors, tall, lank women, fat, saucy-looking boys, muscular, large-boned men. The preacher from "the land of the sky" handed a book to his stalwart brother, who gave out the hymn, "There's room enough in heaven." The singer started the tune, and with feet keeping time and bodies swaying in unison the long string of dusky worshippers began the faraway march. Passing the nearer tents, then retracing their steps for half the distance, then turning toward those on the right of the quadrangle, the procession twisting sinuously by all the huts in turn, receiving constant additions as it passed them, until nearly every colored person on the ground was in line. Long before the ground was completed the sun emerged from the clouds and shone boldly upon the throng. The preachers, whose heads were bare, spread their handkerchiefs over them, keeping one hand on top all the time to prevent them from being blown away.

The procession finally halted on the hillside, a great circle of humanity. The preachers entered it; at their order all faced inward. Exhortations from several brethren were addressed to the assembly, then the ministers resumed their places, and then there was a counter-march in single file, a circle within a circle, until each had shaken hands with every other, all singing and swaying to the music as before. Finally the head of the procession emerged from the ring and started for the arbor, the directing minister and most of those who followed having fallen into a not ungraceful dancing step. They entered, the ministers and elders gathered to the platform, their faces and steps growing livelier all the while. Some fifty of the women rushed into the open space, while the others hastened to the benches and mounted them.

Those dancing in front of the platform grew more and more excited; they glided back and forth, twirling themselves like topknots, or leaped several feet from the ground, all keeping time to the music, which waxed louder and louder. The preachers were moving in every joint, putting their hands on their knees and stimulating the excitement. Some women dropped from exhaustion and were carried out; all were pallid, their breathing was labored and spasmodic; even the preachers showed signs of weakening, when suddenly one of them raised his hand. Almost immediately the singing ceased and he managed to say in a voice scarcely audible: "All kneel and pray." The request was obeyed. In the midst of a quiet and hush of strange contrast to the previous noise and whirl, a voice was heard, clear, calm and not overloud, asking God's blessing on their farewell. Then a sonorous benediction was pronounced, and the great McElroy camp meeting of 1886 was over.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Deformities Which May be Avoided—Defective Vision—Various Cases.

Perhaps from no other unsupervised infirmity does such a variety and complication of diseases arise as from defective vision. This variety is almost infinite. It is the marvel of the many that spectacles are so prevalent in our day, and the wise-ness assign first one reason and then another—one lying it to tight lacing, another to high laced shoes, forgetting that spectacles are as common among men as among women. All confine, however, to attack the oculists and declare that it is all nonsense anyway, and merely an effect of the imagination upon which the oculists are but too willing to play. But the truth never seems to strike this same general public (the truth for which the spectacles are used) to be so thankful that the oculists who, for love of their kind and their profession, have devoted their lives to the study of the subject in all its ramifications, have discovered a new way to treat old diseases, i. e., by way of the eye, instead of by way of the stomach.

George grows pale and thin and stoop-shouldered. As soon as he commences to study he becomes sick at the stomach. As this sickness seems to accompany the effort of studying only, his father rather fancies that it comes on because the boy is obliged to go to school, and he seems inclined to force matters with his son. But the mother knows the reality of the boy's suffering. So she doctors him for indigestion—a little soda, a little lime water, a little mint—all the harmless remedies in fact that are written in the mother's pharmacopoeia, not forgetting to give him a liberal dose of warm water once in a while as an emetic. But all this care does him no permanent good. The moment George begins to study again or to read the old trouble is renewed. So often does this occur that his mother determines upon the advice of some one wiser than herself.

"Madame," says the physician, "your boy has no more dyspepsia than you have. He is simply so near sighted that he can hardly see beyond his nose. Get spectacles for him. He is growing round shouldered and hollow chested from nothing else but a continued effort to see. His sickness of stomach arises from the same cause. Take away his peppermint and give him glasses instead, or what is better, put him into the hands of some professional oculist. The surgeon's nerves are all in sympathy, and what affects his eyes will likewise affect his brain and stomach." The advice followed, the boy is forthwith cured of his dyspepsia.

In one case, well known to the writer, a young girl was treated during three or four years for violent spells of headache. She took pounds of pills, pints of medicine, for her head, for her stomach, for her spine, for malarial disorders, for neuralgia, for bile. Her hair grew gray and she bade fair to sink into chronic invalidism. A brilliant idea struck her and in three months spectacles had done for her what dosing had not done for her in three years. There had been a constant strain of the nerves of eye and brain, while the poor girl had been trying to fit together two eyes of entirely dissimilar focus.—Emma C. Howitt.

A Captive's Observations.

The Indian in possession of a white man or in possession of a slave is not the same as the Indian in possession of his fellows. All facilities of civilization disappear and they are not more like overgrown children than anything else, laughing, playing practical jokes, teasing and romping, fond of feats of strength and agility, particularly in horse-riding. Here I was with members of a tribe known among white men as the most treacherous, cruel and barbarous on the plains, and yet I must say that their laws and customs governed them were, as far as I could understand, strictly adhered to. No one meddles with another's wives, horses or arms. No one laid claim to a woman or a horse that he did not pay, spot cash, the price demanded. I was going to say spot cash, but this they had little use for. Provisions were always in common. I do not know how it would be in time of scarcity, for while I was with them provisions were very plenty. The young bucks were always riding better skelter over the hills and prairies for miles around, and kept a supply of meats in great abundance. The squaws did all camp and field work. Their corn fields were all between putting points of the hills, and by a stranger would be found with great difficulty, so that if they had from any cause to break camp hurriedly their fields would be safe.

Chinese Meat Shops in San Francisco.

One cannot walk more than a block in any of the Chinese streets without coming upon a meat shop. Its odor greets the nostrils long before the eye has taken the collection of dainties that appeal to the Chinese epicure. The most conspicuous article is fresh pork, cut up into small pieces. Then there is a great variety of dried and smoked poultry, imported from the Flowery Kingdom, the favorite being the delicious geese, the duck and beef, liver and whole-some looking patties, which seem to be first cousins to the English meat dumplings, are artistically arranged on little counters.

The Chinaman is nothing if not epicurean. He pays the highest price for the early dainties in market, and he has the southern negro's fondness for chickens "fryin' size." In early days in the mine, when vegetables were a luxury, I have known Chinese miners to pay \$1 a-piece for small cucumbers, of which they are excessively fond. They are liberal patrons of the hucksters that carry fruit and melons through the quarter, for despite his economy in other ways, John Chinaman can seldom resist the temptation offered by a ripe watermelon or a luscious peach.—George H. Fitch in The Cosmopolitan.

France's War Pigeons.

Gon. Boulanger has recently given prizes to the best trainers of carrier pigeons in the department of the Seine. Pigeon training in France has become a branch of the military service, and plenty of trained birds are to be found in the vests and beautiful little establishments that have been built for them. They are furnished with modern improvements and luxuries that vulgar and ignorant pigeons could never appreciate. Among the pigeons now in the possession of the government are several veterans of the siege of Paris, and one among them is a genuine old hero. In 1870 this bird was taken up in the Paris balloon called the "Nepos," and was captured by the Prussians. Prince Frederick Charles sent him as a present to his mother, the Princess Charles of Prussia, who put him among her own collection of birds, where he was treated with all possible kindness. But he was a patriot. The bitter bread of exile did not agree with him. He flew away and reached his home in a pigeon house in the Boulevard Clichy. The owner of this establishment handed him over to the military authorities, and he is now in the service of his native country, and doubtless hopes to win additional glory in the future.—New York Sun.

The Father of Gambetta.

The father of Leon Gambetta, who is still living at Nice, 74 years old, bears a striking resemblance to his illustrious son. He has consented to the removal of his latter's dust to the Pantheon, at Paris, on condition that the three sons of his daughter be authorized to bear the name of Gambetta: "for," he says, "I am the only bearer of that name now, and I do not want it to die out." M. Gambetta has a small fortune of money saved while he was in business at Cahors, and does not on a comfortable income by selling the produce of his garden of oranges and lemons.—Boston Transcript.

Drugging Criminals to Further Justice.

This study has become a passion among medical men, who say if any great help legal procedure, inasmuch as by sending criminals to sleep and dragging their secret from them while under hypnotic influence there would be little fear of judges condemning the innocent for the guilty. A theft in the hospital was found out in this way by Dr. Marie, for many years Dr. Charcot's assistant. The subject refused at first to tell where the stolen object was concealed. After a little of the diploma, however, on the part of the young doctor, who told the sleeping girl he was the young man from whom the card case had been taken and not to fear telling him where it was, she gave the detailed account of having stolen it, and told where the card case was to be found. Dr. Marie immediately went to the spot indicated, where, sure enough, the stolen article was found.—Cable to New York Herald.

When Fox Wanted a Clockship.

The following letter, dated Philadelphia, July 19, 1885, written by that character which will ever be surrounded with the mysterious gloom of his own writing, has come to light recently:—"Could I obtain the least important clerkship in your gift—by land or sea—to relieve me of the miserable life of literary drudgery to which I now, with a breaking heart, submit, and for which neither my temper nor my abilities have fitted me, I would never again resign at any discussion of God. I feel that I could then (having something beyond mere literature as a profession) quickly elevate myself to the station which is my due. It is needless to say how fervent, how unbounded would be my gratitude to the one who would rescue me from ruin and put me in possession of happiness. I leave my fate in your hands. Most respectfully and gratefully, EDGAR A. POE."—The Current.

A Patriotic Composer.

The great composer, Verdi, is also a great patriot. In the dark days of thirty and forty years ago there was no more ardent champion of Italian liberty and union than he. He was elected to parliament in 1861, and took deep interest in all its operations. But it was a silent interest. He never could make a speech, though he often declared that he would gladly give the copyright of his best opera for the ability to do so.—Chicago Times.

Bananas are now being raised in the vicinity of Phoenix, A. T.

Superstition Among the Poles.

There is a venerable superstition among Polish people that when a crow alights on a house it portends death to one or more of the occupants. When, about 8 o'clock Thursday morning a couple of birds of this species were described calmly perched on the roof of one of Poland's sons on the street, north of Brady, the neighborhood, which is inhabited almost entirely by Poles, was thrown into the greatest excitement. In less than half an hour the street was filled with people, the properties of the crowd attracting the attention of the police. Hostile demonstrations caused the sale of the birds to fly to an adjoining roof. Up popped an upper story window in the next house, a woman's head appeared, and in evident alarm the woman waved an apron menacingly at the "birds of evil omen." Instead of being frightened away the crows took the waving of the apron as a mark of welcome and changed their position from the roof of her neighbor to her own house.

By this time the excitement of the crowd below had grown to fever pitch. Women were shedding tears or mumbling a prayer, while little children clung to their skirts, unable to make out what was going on. Men and women were gathered in knots, all gesticulating and jabbering at once, but all keeping a weather eye open and a pocketful of stones ready in case the birds should steer for their own premises. Finally the crows began to fly from house to house, and then there was a shower of stones as thick as hail, men, women and boys being engaged in the fusillade amid the most indescribable excitement. The birds, from house to house until they had taken in the last square, were finally they distanced their yelling pursuers.

As the people returned to their homes many offered prayers for themselves and families. One old man who believes in superstitious aid in his broken English:

"It must be so, now, that we all die. You see, some terrible sickness spread among us."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Perfection of the Phonograph.

By the way, shortly before Edison left he reverted to his old toy, the phonograph, and said that he had not the slightest doubt that the perfected phonograph of, say 50 years from now, will do away with every sort of writing and printing. People who want to write a letter will say what they want to say into their phonograph, take out the little disc of foil or paper, and send it off, while the person who receives it will put it into his instrument and listen to what his friend has to say. The printer's occupation will be gone, because newspapers will consist of sheets of foil, to be put into each person's phonograph, when the news will be read out to the phonograph in a clear, interesting and effective manner, some device being adopted by which the reader will be enabled to have read exactly what interests him, and he will be able to read a whole column for five words will pay extra to have the phonograph shout out that his soap is the best and was used by Cleopatra. Mrs. Langtry, and other beauties of past ages.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

To Buy or Not to Buy.

The liveliest time I remember in the stock market," said a broker recently, "was when the Confederates were moving into Pennsylvania. The day before the Gettysburg fight began we all felt sure that Philadelphia was doomed, and some even shipping their goods to New York. The day previous I had been ordered by a customer to buy 1,000 shares of Reading railroad stock. When I saw how things looked I hesitated. I tried to get my customer, but he had suddenly left town and could not be reached. If I bought perhaps he would blame me if there was a loss, while on the other hand if the Confederates were beaten the shares would surely rise in value, and then I would be censured for not acting according to orders. I went up to the board room and found they were offering reams of the stocks for almost nothing. I risked the chances and bought all that was offered. I loaded up with it. How much did I make? Well, about \$500,000."—Philadelphia Call.

Soldiers at Columbia, S. C.

"Come, boys," cried a blue clad hero, "bring your spades and dig up a pile of treasure, shiny with his bayonet he stuck it deep into a new made mound in the garden adjoining a residence. "See! the relic have buried gold and silver here. Be quiet or a crowd will come to divide our spoils," and in a few minutes four men were at work digging up the box in which the supposed treasures were hid. It was hard work to go four feet down and lift up a heavy box from the damp earth. Eagerly they worked, and in due time their reward came. Greatly they broke the top from the box, and quickly, with oaths in their mouths, they drew back as the half decayed carcass of a dead dog met their gaze. It was the body of a pet Newfoundland dog, that some children had wove over and had caused to be buried beneath the shade of a laurel, little dreaming that their Carlo would suffer such ignoble a resurrection.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fungi as Plant Allies.

While some forms of fungus are most destructive to vegetation, it is now believed that there are others which render assistance to the plants on which they live. Frank found that the fungus covering the young root points of certain forest trees, as the beech and oak, seems to help in the nutrition of those trees. Another interesting case has lately been studied in Germany by Wahrlich, who finds that a yellow, bladder-like fungus of the root tissue of orchids works no perceptible harm to the plants, but on the contrary probably aids them by changing woody matters into a form that they may more readily absorb.—Arkansas Traveler.

American Dredge Sinks.

It may be interesting to know that American art now excels foreign skill in the communication of the quality so essential to a handsome seal skin, namely, the dye. What was known as the London dye held the vantage ground for years, until a furrier in Albany elaborated a superior process. Of course he made an immense fortune. He kept the secret to himself so closely that he maintained a monopoly of the market. He died in the ordinary course, but the secret was attributed to his son a few years before his death, and is still exclusively employed by him.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Balloons with China.

Balloons are to be introduced into China. The Pekin government has ordered two captive balloons from Paris, and have provided all the necessary funds for several practiced aeronauts to take over the latest inventions in this branch of science, including a special machine to manufacture hydrogen gas.—Boston Transcript.

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ABSTRACT OF

Annual Report to the Legislature,

Showing the condition of the Bloomfield Savings

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ASSETS.

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first lien) \$72,800 00

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (second lien) 2,315 42

United States Bonds (market value) 13,500 00

Cash on hand and in bank 8,801 41

\$96,667 03

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Due Depositors, including Interest to be credited this day \$88,192 69

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